



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

9184  
W584

ARDE JOYEUSE  
A "HANDEFULL OF  
PLEASANT DELITES" FROM  
OVERSEA PLUCKED BY  
GLEESON WHITE

UC-NRLF



\$B.262 110

LONDON

STANESBY & CO. 179 SLOANE STREET

(FORMERLY MURRAY & STANESBY)

RBV AND NOTTINGHAM

FRANK MURRAY

1899

YA 01601

THE  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
LIBRARY

918w

W584



For out of olde felles ab men seith  
Cometh al this newe coun for to pere  
And out of olde bores in good feith  
Cometh al this newe science that men here

**EX LIBRIS**  
WILLIAM DALLAM ARMES









# **The Moray Library**



*Two hundred and forty Copies of this Small Paper*

*Edition have been printed, Two hundred and  
—  
thirty of which are for sale.*

# **GARDE JOYEUSE**

*a*



GARDE JOYEUSE  
A "HANDEFULL OF  
PLEASANT DELITES" FROM  
OVERSEA PLUCKED BY  
GLEESON WHITE

LONDON

STANESBY & CO. 179 SLOANE STREET

(FORMERLY MURRAY & STANESBY)

DERBY AND NOTTINGHAM

FRANK MURRAY

1890

41

THE  
MUSEUM  
OF  
THE  
MUSEUM

TO  
CLINTON SCOLLARD,  
WHOSE VOLUME  
"WITH REED AND LYRE"  
WAS THE NUCLEUS ROUND WHICH HAS  
GATHERED THE COLLECTION OF SOME HUNDREDS OF  
VOLUMES OF MODERN AMERICAN POETRY,  
WHENCE THESE PAGES HAVE BEEN TRANSCRIBED.

G. W.

*Christchurch, September, 1890.*

395707



## CONTENTS

---

	PAGE
ADAMS, OSCAR FAY—A Valentine ... ..	51
ALLEN, ANDREW HUSSEY—Ballade of Rejected MS. ... ..	28
ANON.—An Autograph ... ..	31
,, —The Old Hansom Cab ... ..	37
,, —Candied Violets ... ..	39
,, —Accounted For ... ..	48
,, —Tantalus ... ..	60
BAKER, GEORGE A.—Old Photographs ... ..	40
,, —Thoughts on the Command- ments ... ..	46
,, —The Language of Love ... ..	82
BUNNER, H. C.—Da Capo ... ..	24
,, —Candor ... ..	27
,, —Poetry and the Poet ... ..	42
,, —The Wail of the Personally Con- ducted ... ..	70
CHENEY, JOHN VANCE—After the Cows ... ..	91
CHANDLER, BESSIE—The Stork's Jeremiad ... ..	74
,, —The Message of the Rose ... ..	78
CLARKE, WALTER—Just My Luck ... ..	44
CONE, HELEN GRAY—The Ballad of Cassandra Brown ... ..	64
,, —The Tender Heart ... ..	80



DANN, HENRY J. W.—A Theosophic Marriage	...	4
DEMPY—But Natural	...	85
DOWE, JENNIE E. T.—Beneath the Mistletoe	...	87
FAWCETT, EDGAR—A Scholar's Sweetheart	...	2
„ —An Old Tea-Cup	...	88
FAULKNER, H. C.—Ballade of the Balcony	...	52
„ —Between the Lines	...	54
FOSTER, DAVID S.—The Game of Chess	...	59
GILDER, R. W.—A Midsummer Song	...	94
GILMORE, MINNIE—After the Ball	...	61
GOODALE, DORA READ—Multum in Parvo	...	17
GRANT, ROBERT—(Im)modesty	...	84
GUINEY, LOUISE IMOGEN—Private Theatricals	...	21
HALL, RUTH—Ballade of the Shepherdess	...	29
HALL, E. C.—A Lesson in Mythology	...	36
HENDERSON, J. P.—Alackaday	...	90
IDLE IDYLLER—A Love Song	...	86
JOHNSON, ROSSITER—Ninety-nine in the Shade	...	71
LAWRENCE, SOPHIE ST. G.—Last July	...	47
LEARNED, WALTER—Time's Revenge	...	18
LOVELL, ARTHUR—A Warning	...	14
LÜDERS, C. H.—Deception	...	49
LUMMIS, CHARLES F.—A Spanish Cigarette	...	41
MARTIN, E. S.—Honi Soit qui Mal y Pense	...	8
MOULTON, LOUISE CHANDLER—A Little Comedy	...	76
„ —A Painted Fan	...	77
OGDEN, EVA L.—The Sea	...	50
PEARSON, CLARENCE H.—My Autograph	...	35
PECK, SAMUEL MINTURN—An Afterthought	...	38
„ —Under the Rose	...	73
„ —Cupid at Court	...	83
PERRY, NORA—On the Stairs	...	12
PIERSON, ERNEST DE LANCEY—An Encore	...	26

PUTNAM, ELEANOR—Two Negatives	...	...	17
RAYMOND, GEO. L.—Our Day at Pisa	...	...	72
ROCHE, JAMES JEFFREY—The V-A-S-E	...	...	43
ROBERTSON, HARRISON—What He Said	...	...	20
„ —What She Thought	...	...	20
SCOLLARD, CLINTON—A Kerchief	...	...	1
„ —Our Saint	...	...	6
„ —A Japanese Fan	...	...	23
„ —To a Chinese Idol	...	...	62
„ —An Ancestor...	...	...	66
SHERMAN, FRANK DEMPSTER—Tempora Mutantur			10
„ —A Love Letter	...	...	11
„ —An Untutored Mind			22
„ —A Colonial Missive			32
„ —An Old Rondo	...	...	34
„ —A Cigar	...	...	68
„ —A Rhyme for Priscilla			92
SULLIVAN, T. R.—To Matilda at Thirty	...	...	45
H. B. S.—Her Little Game	...	...	30
S. D. S., JUN.—Unanswered...	...	...	58
T. P. S.—An Earthly Paradise	...	...	19
TIFFANY, ESTHER B.—Applied Astronomy	...	...	63
TYRRELL, HENRY—To a Japanese Baby	...	...	56
VIR—To my Lady of Boston	...	...	81
WEBB, CHARLES HENRY—To my Bric-à-Brac			
Brothers	...	...	95
WILCOX, ELLA WHEELER—Esthetic	...	...	16



## PREFACE.

---

GARDE JOYEUSE—the name of the castle given to Sir Launcelot by King Arthur—was adopted by Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman for a heading to a section of his paper, “Twelve years of British Song—a supplemental chapter to *Victorian Poets*.” Thus it is already associated with those writers who fashion *Vers de Société* and *Vers d’Occasion* on our side of the water. The sub-title is borrowed from one of the earliest English anthologies—that by Clement Robinson, 1584.

Since the English tongue permits no exact synonym for *Vers de Société*, the fanciful title may here serve a similar purpose in explaining the scope of this collection, without restricting its limits too closely.

For although *Vers de Société* is supposed to be easily recognisable, and a clearly definite order of poetry, most authors who have set out to describe what it is, have contented themselves with lengthy descriptions of what it is not.

After vainly consulting a score of authorities, in search of a terse definition, some of the opinions they expressed may be worth quoting. We find, for instance, that “it has no English name; (one certain

xi.

fact for the start); it is not burlesque; it is not bitter enough for satire; it is not broad enough for comedy; it never really moves us; it is not devoid of humour; it is never serious; it should not be too uniformly epigrammatic; it should not be too flippant; it is not cynical;" and so on for a hundred other negatives, concluding, however, with another axiom—"It is never dull."

Among the few who have essayed to mark its limit, Mr. Frederic Locker, an acknowledged master of the craft, thus expresses his own ideas on this subject:—

"Genuine *Vers de Société* and *Vers d'Occasion* should be short, elegant, refined, and fanciful; not seldom distinguished by chastened sentiment, and often playful. The tone should not be pitched too high; it should be idiomatic, and rather in the conversational key; the rhythm should be crisp and sparkling, and the rhyme frequent and never forced, while the entire poem should be marked by tasteful moderation, high finish, and completeness; for however trivial the subject matter may be—indeed, rather in proportion to its triviality—subordination to the rules of composition and perfection of execution should be strictly enforced."

Amidst other examples which for various reasons must be excluded from *Vers de Société*, Mr. Locker instances *John Gilpin* as too broadly and simply humorous, Herrick's *To Blossoms* and *To Daffodils* as too elevated, and *Sally in our Alley* as too homely.

It were best, therefore, to avoid the title of *Vers de Société* for this collection; for although examples that fulfil every demand, and escape the forbidden qualities of the verse, may be found in it; yet it is so

obvious that many would be excluded by the hard and fast rule laid down by D'Israeli or more recent writers, that this preamble is scarcely needed.

The difference of idiom in the United States and England caused a few pieces to be set aside. Probably nothing tells with such exaggerated force as slang that is out of date, or not acceptable to its audience. One such word gives an entirely different aspect to the whole poem in which it occurs. For instance, a "dude" is a word of distinct vulgarity on this side—Mr. Barnum's skeleton being its most noble example: yet, if we may credit their current newspapers, it is no more offensive in the States than its predecessor "a swell" was to us a few years since, or than a "toff" is to the masses to-day. Neither of the three are allowed in polite speech at present, yet "a masher" narrowly escaped becoming classical slang but yesterday, and some yet more hideous novelty may be perfectly "good form" the day after to-morrow.

So when verse, otherwise in the mood of Thackeray or Locker, admits the local idiom perfectly legitimate in New York or Boston, it may yet jar on English ears with entirely false effect, the colloquialism of one land becoming the vulgarism of another.

This is only noticeable in the *argot* of society; for if the intrusive word come amid the dialect of the peasant, or the patois of a new colonization, it has all the charm of the unexpected, and may be quaint or bizarre, but hardly repulsive.

In spite of this anthology being selected as far as possible upon the above lines, its contents are offered less as *Poems* or *Vers de Société* than as a fairly representative.

sentative group of *debonair verse* from oversea—one that, despite the formal disclaimer, includes among its numbers both poems and *Vers de Société* needing no apology.

It is not permissible to draw individual attention to the lyrics here echoed from the choir who are chirping blithely or throating a brave song in the new continent. To be thus forbidden to extol the delicacy of this one or the grace of the other is a sore restraint, but good taste and the future peace of the editor alike forbid invidious comparisons.

But the huge flower-gardens explored, with ample license to pluck wild and exotic blossoms at will, made the temptation to choose a posy according to personal taste well-nigh irresistible.

On the one hand was the wish to present a botanical collection of neatly labelled specimens; on the other, to include only the rarest and choicest flowers. The result—a compromise—has naturally the faults of each course; but, it may be hoped, by chance, some merits of each as well. To judge the flora of a continent by a posy were as foolish as to image the forests of the Sierras from a few fragrant sprays of western pine. And if this volume fail to sustain the reputation of many whose pages have been laid under contribution, be assured it is the want of skill in choosing, not any defect in the books themselves.

Familiar names are mostly absent. Oliver Wendell Holmes, T. B. Aldrich, Bret Harte, and many another one are too well known in England to need inclusion here. Some few of these poems—attributed to "Anon" or "San Francisco Paper"—have circled the round of the periodical press, and although old favourites, will

be none the less liked when presented in more worthy dress.

Most of the authors included have kindly granted special consent; although the limited time caused me in several cases to strain the terms of a former permission to a new purpose. For some few included, of which it was impossible to trace the whereabouts of the author, I offer every apology here. A specially printed copy of this book awaits him (or her) who has been thus discourteously treated—not as an equivalent for the well-meant piracy, but as a peace-offering in token of good faith.

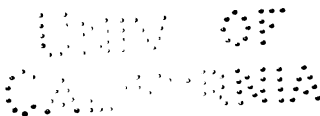
To the proprietors of *The Century Magazine* and *Life*, who most courteously permitted quotation from their pages, I owe special thanks; also to Mr. Ernest de Lancey Pierson, whose *Society Verse by American Writers* covers almost the same ground as this collection.

The sources of several insertions have been identified too late to communicate with the owners of the copyright, notably those from *America*, a high-class Chicago weekly, edited by Slason Thompson, whose anthology, *The Humbler Poets*, is well known to all interested in American poetry.

GLEESON WHITE.







## GARDE JOYEUSE

### A "HANDEFULL OF PLEASANT DELITES" FROM OVERSEA

---

#### A KERCHIEF.

A filmy fabric, it is true,  
As soft as down and bright as amber,  
Brocaded with gay threads as blue  
As flowers that up my trellis clamber.

Upon one silky side behold,  
Embroidered neat, some blooming roses,  
While on the other, flecked with gold,  
A bright-winged butterfly reposes.

And though 'tis but a trifle, yet  
A something sweet upon it lingers ;  
'Tis neither "rose" nor "mignonette,"  
But the faint touch of fairy fingers.

*"Pictures in Song."*

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

A

I

## A SCHOLAR'S SWEETHEART.

All day he toils, with zeal severe,  
On something learnedly polemic ;  
From Harvard he returned last year,  
With bounteous honors academic.  
His parents name him but in praise,  
His little sisters quite adore him,  
And all the loving household lays  
Allegiance willingly before him !

What forms his labor, week by week ?  
That could not understand—oh, never !  
'Tis something eminently Greek,  
'Tis something intricately clever !  
But still his task, unfinished yet,  
He shapes with industry unflagging,  
And writes his treatise that shall set  
The heads of noted pundits wagging !

Is it of Homer's doubtful lines ?  
Or yet some question, subtly finer,  
Of whether certain famous wines  
Were first obtained from Asia Minor ?  
Is it of dialects impure,  
In ode, in epic, or in drama ?  
Is it old Sanscrit roots obscure ?  
Is it that wearisome Digamma ?

But whether this or whether that,  
Through fragrant fields, when work is ended,  
While darkly wheels the zigzag bat  
And all the West is warmly splendid,  
He steals to meet, in loving wise,  
With eager steps that do not tarry,  
A rosy girl whose shining eyes  
Grow tender as she calls him "Harry."

What altered thoughts can she awake,  
This pearl of sweethearts, best and fairest !  
And what a contrast does she make  
To "Comments on the Second Aorist" !  
So strongly round him can she throw  
Her dazzling spells of sweet retention,  
'Tis doubtful now if he could go  
Correctly through his first declension !

For while near mossy meadow-bars,  
With spirit thrilled by sacred pleasures,  
He lingers till the dawn of stars,  
He lingers by the girl he treasures,  
This grave young scholar scarcely knows  
If Hector was a fighting seaman,  
If lofty Pindar wrote in prose,  
Or Athens lay in Lacedaemon !

*"Fantasy and Passion."*

EDGAR FAWCETT.

## A THEOSOPHIC MARRIAGE.

She was a theosophic miss,  
Who sighed for sweet Nirvana ;  
She talked of esoteric this  
And that in mystic manner.  
She wore a wide and psychic smile,  
Used diction transcendental ;  
Two suitors her besieged meanwhile,  
Both softly sentimental.

The one, he was a drummer bland,  
Who wore a lofty collar ;  
He knew not things were hollow,  
And he chased the nimble dollar.  
The other was a soulful youth,  
Who talked of things symbolic,  
Enamored quite of inner truth,  
And pre-disposed to colic.

The one, he talked of common love  
In tones that made her shudder ;  
The other soared with her above  
The mystic realms of Buddha.  
She sent the first upon his way  
With snub unmitigated ;  
Upon the other smiled, and they  
By Hymen were translated.

Within a lofty Harlem flat  
She's found her sweet Nirvana ;  
She does not think of this and that  
As marshy zephyrs fan her.  
She dreamily wipes Buddha's nose,  
And spanketh Zoroaster,  
And mends their transcendental clothes,  
Torn by occult disaster.

Her adept husband still can solve  
The mysteries eternal,  
But for some reason can't evolve  
A salary diurnal.  
He still floats on to cycles new,  
But fills his astral body  
With—not the Cheelah's milky brew,  
But Jersey apple toddy.

She eloquently mourns her life,  
And objurgates her Latin,  
To daily see the drummer's wife  
Drive by her, clad in satin.  
She has been heard, in fact, to say,  
When somewhat discontented,  
“Though ‘osophies’ hold social sway,  
Though ‘ologies’ enjoy their day,  
I think, in love, the good old way  
By far the best invented.”

“*The Century.*”

HENRY J. W. DANN.

## OUR SAINT.

The one I sing was born and bred  
Ere proud Queen Fashion's whims had led  
A single maid to vex her head  
O'er pug or poodle ;  
Her form was lithe, her face was fair,  
Her laugh was blithe and debonair,  
Her voice was sweet,—her favourite air  
Was "Yankee Doodle."

She used to play an old spinet,  
The same is in existence yet  
Amid the dust and cobwebs set  
High in our garret ;  
And oft she spun from dawn till gloom  
In some quaint, low, be-gabled room ;  
She loved the fabric of her loom,  
Nor scorned to wear it.

In stately minuet or reel,  
With large-bowed slippers, high of heel,  
Hers was the step that roused the zeal  
In hearts of gallants ;  
Folk high and lowly both to please,  
To make bright *mots* and repartees,  
To bake, to brew,—she numbered these  
Among her talents.

Whene'er she passed in quilted gown  
Along the highways of the town,  
Small wonder that the swains bowed down  
In admiration ;

And when a handsome stranger bore  
The fair one from her father's door,  
Why marvel that the jealous swore  
From sheer vexation ?

A day more gay was seldom seen  
Than her bright wedding-day, I ween ;  
And she,—she bore herself a queen  
In look and motion.  
And when, with him she loved, she led  
The wedding-dance, more light her tread  
Than any barque that ever sped  
O'er wave of ocean.

The brodered bodice that she wore  
While footing it along the floor  
Has lain for fifty years and more  
In some dark chest hid ;  
And he whose arm around it stole,  
Sought while yet young the starry goal,—  
A grief which she has, patient soul,  
Long in her breast hid.

Her eyes are dim, her voice is faint,  
And yet she never makes complaint ;  
One more serene and like a saint  
I have to yet see  
Than she who in the corner sits  
And dozes, while she knits and knits  
Her little nephew's socks and mitts,—  
My great-aunt Betsy.

*" Old and New World Lyrics."* CLINTON SCOLLARD.



## HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

It was my happy lot to meet  
Upon a late occasion,  
While seeking of the summer's heat  
Agreeable evasion,  
By visiting at a resort  
Of fashion—where, no matter—  
A maid whom there was none to court,  
And very few to flatter.

Her head had not the graceful poise  
Of Aphrodite's statue ;  
Her hair reminded you of boys' ;  
Her nose was pointed at you.  
A Derby hat, the selfsame sort  
The fashionable male owes  
Money for, she used to sport  
As angels do their haloes.

She seldom walked in silk attire,  
But commonly in flannel ;  
Nor yet in oils did she aspire  
To figure on a panel ;  
Because she could not help but see  
She was not tall, nor slender ;  
Nor did she deem her curves to be  
Superlatively tender.

Some prudish dames did her abuse  
With censure fierce and scathing,

Because she, happening to lose  
Her stocking while in bathing,  
Deemed such a loss of little note ;  
And simply tied the plagued  
Stocking round her little throat,  
And re-appeared bare-legged.

I do not think that for the pelf  
Of eligible boobies,  
Or for the chance to deck herself  
With diamonds and rubies,  
Or for her standing in the books  
Of prim and proper ladies,  
Or for their disapproving looks,  
She cared a hoot from Hades.

Though competent to hold her tongue,  
When circumstance demanded  
Speech, she was, for one so young,  
Astonishingly candid.  
She sang the vulgarest of songs,  
Which sung by her were funny,  
And never brooded o'er her wrongs,  
Nor hoarded up her money.

'Tis true this careless damsel's fame  
At last grew somewhat shady ;  
But if the man-disposed to name  
Her fast, or not a lady,  
Will in the present writer's way  
Considerately toddle,  
This writer thinks that person may  
Get punched upon his noddle.

*"A Little Brother of the Rich."*

E. S. MARTIN.

## TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

When I first began, at twenty,  
To indulge in idle rhyme,  
Life was *dolce far niente*,  
And a trifling thing was Time :  
I could link the lines together,  
Praising any girl I knew,  
Nor deliberating whether  
They were true.

Twenty-one—my heart was plastic  
To the beauty of a face !  
But my fancy, too elastic,  
Frequently would jump its trace  
After some new dainty being,  
Following where'er she went ;—  
There was no such thing as fleeing  
Sentiment.

Twenty-two—I had a passion  
For a girl with golden hair !  
Somewhat of a slave to fashion,  
But for books she didn't care ;  
So when love I tried to stammer,  
Cupid went upon a crutch,  
She abused the English grammar  
Overmuch.

Twenty-three—my mind was restive,  
Now brunette, anon a blonde !  
Each one seemed to me suggestive  
Of a better one beyond ;  
So I waited on and dallied  
With perhaps a half-a-score,  
Till Time came around and tallied  
Twenty-four.

Twenty-five—no more a chicken,  
I essayed to make a choice !  
But the "plot began to thicken,"  
Love in me had lost its voice.  
Thus the girls all went the way of  
Other girls, and—fiddlesticks !  
I'm a bachelor to day of  
Twenty-six !

"*The Century.*"

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

---

### A LOVE LETTER.

Here is her note. See how the courier pen,  
All dizzy with delight, went zigzag down  
The road that leads to Eros' happy town !  
See, here a steady pace ; and here again  
A sudden forward bound, as if, just then,  
Her heart beat faster for the precious noun  
That brought him near ! And there to match a frown,  
A wavy course, as if doubt blurred his ken.  
So, ever near to the self-same spot,  
Bearing the message of my sweetheart true,  
Her courier went rejoicing in his lot  
To have for heavens eyes of tender blue.  
Ah, heart of mine ! see, here's a tiny blot—  
A cloud for him—a tender tear for you.

"*Outing.*"

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

## ON THE STAIRS.

'Twas a crowd and a crush from the time we began ;  
My tulle was in shreds, and my marabout fan  
Was broken to bits as we tried to get clear  
Of clumsy Dick Marlowe, who never could steer,  
No matter what partner might have him in tow,  
Though no matter what easy step, waltz, or galop.

And 'twas just in this whirl that we waltzed down the  
floor,

And found our way out by the corridor door  
That leads to the Hall ; and there on a stair,  
Away from the mob, and the noise, and the glare,  
We rested and talked, and heard the band play,  
With never a thought how time ran away.

Till suddenly came a great flourish and clang  
Of the horns and the harps, and the clarinet rang  
A shrill, winding note, like a long, winding sigh,  
Which we knew as we heard was good-night and good-by.  
“ Good-night and good-by ? ” Why, it seemed but a  
second

Since we waltzed down the room, if time might be  
reckoned

As fleetly as thoughts run, and, by the same token,  
As fleetly and sweetly as words may be spoken.  
“ Good-night and good-by. ” Time's a thief unawares.  
'Tis how many years since we sat on the stairs,  
And rested and talked there, and heard the band play,  
With never a thought how time ran away ?

What was it we talked of? Oh, what was the chaff,  
The gay little joke that called out our laugh,  
As you stooped to recover the flowers I let fall,  
And stooping there, stepped on my white Llama shawl?  
And what was it then you murmured just after,  
That checked the gay joke and stopped the light laugh-  
ter ;—

What was it, what was it? I caught as you spoke there  
One word of devotion ; then suddenly broke there,  
Just there on the stair, a sound of gay chatter,  
As the dancers came forth, and—perhaps—well, what  
matter,  
All this day and this hour, if you thought I retreated  
That moment to leave there a suitor defeated?

What matter, indeed? And yet, as I listen  
To the old Lanner waltzes, and see the bright glisten  
Of yellow-gold hair on the head of my Polly,  
As she sits on the stair there, I think of your folly  
In that far-away day when you thought me coquetting,  
While my heart was for you alone pining and fretting.

Well, 'tis queer how one can forget and recover :  
'Tis twenty years now since I've thought of the lover  
With whom I sat out a dozen round dances,  
And lost for, who knows how many fine chances?  
As my daughter—Miss Marlowe—is losing out there  
Her chances to-night on that draughty old stair.

*“New Songs and Ballads.”*

NORA PERRY.

## A WARNING.

HE.

I loathe all books. I hate to see  
The world and men through others' eyes ;  
My own are good enough for me.  
These scribbling fellows I despise ;  
They bore me.  
I used to try to read a bit,  
But, when I did, a sleepy fit  
Came o'er me.

Yet here I sit with pensive look,  
Filling my pipe with fragrant loads,  
Gazing in rapture at a book !  
A free translation of the Odes  
Of Horace.  
'Tis owned by sweet Elizabeth,  
And breathes a subtle, fragrant breath  
Of orris.

I longed for something that was hers  
To cheer me when I'm feeling low ;  
I saw this book of paltry verse,  
And asked to take it home—and so  
She lent it.  
I love her deep and tenderly,  
Yet dare not tell my love, lest she  
Resent it.

I'll learn to quote a stanza here,  
A couplet there. I'm very sure  
'Twould aid my suit could I appear  
*Au fait* in books and literature.  
I'll do it !  
This jingle I can quickly learn ;  
Then, hid in roses, I'll return  
Her poet !

SHE.

The hateful man ! 'Twould vex a saint !  
Around my pretty, cherished book  
The odor vile, the noisome taint  
Of horrid, stale tobacco smoke  
Yet lingers !  
The hateful man, my book to spoil !  
Patrick, the tongs—lest I should soil  
My fingers !

This lovely rose, these lilies frail,  
These violets he has sent to me  
The odor of his pipe exhale !  
Am I to blame that I should be  
Enraged ?  
Tell Mr. Simpson every time  
He calls upon me, Patrick, I'm  
Engaged !

"*The Century.*"

ARTHUR LOVELL.



## ESTHETIC.

In a garb that was guiltless of colors  
She stood, with a dull, listless air—  
A creature of dumps and of dolors,  
But most undeniably fair.

The folds of her garment fell round her,  
Revealing the curve of each limb ;  
Well-proportioned and graceful I found her,  
Although quite alarmingly slim.

From the hem of her robe peeped one sandal—  
“ High art ” was she down to her feet ;  
And though I could not understand all  
She said, I could see she was sweet.

Impressed by her limpness and languor,  
I proffered a chair near at hand ;  
She looked back a mild sort of anger,  
Posed anew, and continued to stand.

Some praises I next tried to mutter  
Of the fan that she held to her face :  
She said it was “ utterly utter,”  
And waved it with languishing grace.

I then, in a strain quite poetic,  
Begged her gaze on the bow in the sky ;  
She looked, said its curve was “ æsthetic,”  
But the “ tone was too dreadfully high.”

Her lovely face, lit by the splendour  
That glorified landscape and sea,  
Woke thoughts that were daring and tender :—  
Did *her* thoughts, too, rest upon me ?

“ Oh, tell me,” I cried, growing bolder,  
“ Have I in your musings a place ?”  
“ Well, yes,” she said over her shoulder,  
“ I was thinking of nothing in space.”

“ *Maurine.*”

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

## MULTUM IN PARVO.

A RHYME OF COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPHY.

In love ! And the picture belonged to Joe !  
Photograph—cabinet size :  
Sort of ethereal style, you know—  
Dark hair, and bottomless eyes.

We were college chums, but, powder and flame !  
How can a fellow keep cool ?  
He never would even tell me her name,  
And laughed, and called me a fool.

*"The Century."*

DORA READ GOODALE.

---

## TWO NEGATIVES.

I gave him his first rejection  
At Newport, a year ago ;  
At Christmas, with proper reflection,  
Again, in New York, I said "No."

There's in grammar a rule I remember—  
Two negatives—how does it run ?  
So, the cards have gone out for September,  
And my white satin gown is begun.

*"Life."*

ELEANOR PUTNAM.

## TIME'S REVENGE.

When I was ten and she fifteen—  
Ah me, how fair I thought her !  
She treated with disdainful mien  
The homage that I brought her,  
And in a patronising way  
Would of my shy advances say :  
“ It's really quite absurd, you see ;  
He's very much too young for me.”

I'm twenty now ; she, twenty-five—  
Well, well, how old she's growing !  
I fancy that my suit might thrive  
If pressed again ; but, owing  
To great discrepancy in age,  
Her marked attentions don't engage  
My young affections, for, you see,  
She's really quite too old for me.

*“ Society Verse.”*

WALTER LEARNED.

## AN EARTHLY PARADISE.

She is not frivolous, my love,  
But relishes the wit of Horace ;  
Homer, of course, she ranks above  
All other bards, yet dotes on Morris.  
At Dobson's dainty little muse  
She is inclined to be a mocker,  
And would be willing to refuse  
A laurel wreath to Frederic Locker.

Through Morris' Earthly Paradise  
It was a pleasure to beguile her ;  
She found it altogether nice,  
And crunched confections bought of Huyler.  
But I a mundane Eden found  
That knocked that art of Morris silly  
The day my wilful arm stole round  
Her waist, and she first called me " Billy."

*"Life."*

T. P. S.

## WHAT HE SAID.

"This kiss upon your fan I press—  
Ah! Sainte Nitouche, you don't refuse it?  
And may it from its soft recess—  
This kiss upon your fan I press—  
Be blown to you a shy caress,  
By this white down, whene'er you use it,  
This kiss upon your fan I press—  
Ah! Sainte Nitouche, you don't refuse it."

---

## WHAT SHE THOUGHT.

"To kiss a fan!  
What a poky poet!  
The stupid man,  
To kiss a fan,  
When he knows that—he—can,  
Or ought to know it—  
To kiss a *fan*!  
What a poky poet!"

"*The Century.*"

HARRISON ROBERTSON.

## PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

You were a haughty beauty, Polly  
    (That was in the play),  
I was the lover melancholy  
    (That was in the play);  
And when your fan and you receded,  
And all my passion lay unheeded,  
If still with tenderer words I pleaded,  
    That was in the play!

I met my rival in the gateway  
    (That was in the play),  
And so we fought a duel straightway  
    (That was in the play).  
But when Jack hurt my arm unduly,  
And you rushed over, softened newly,  
And kissed me, Polly! truly, truly,  
    Was that in the play?

*"Songs at the Start."*

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

## AN UNTUTORED MIND

When I was but a lad of eight,  
And Dorothy was turning seven,  
My life seemed spent close by the gate  
Of what I had imagined Heaven ;  
So sweet was Dorothy, and mild,  
To every fault of mine so tender,  
I grew to love her as a child,  
Accustomed always to befriend her.

Through school hours I observed her dress,—  
Plain calico to me was satin ;  
The habit often cost recess,  
And many weary lines of Latin.  
She very seldom turned her face,  
Replete with roses, fair and ruddy ;  
She seemed to think the school a place  
For strict deportment and for study.

In all the classes she was first ;  
She graduated,—went to college,—  
Returned most wonderfully versed  
In every branch and twig of knowledge.  
Alas ! I wear no savant's cap ;  
My brain is not a book condenser !  
No doubt she'll marry that young chap  
I hear her call "*Dear Herbert Spencer!*"

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

*"Madrigals and Catches."*

## A JAPANESE FAN.

Bordered by quirky lines,  
Covered with quaint designs,  
Tortuous trees and vines  
    Drawn arabesquely ;  
Here are grim griffins seen,  
Rivers of purple sheen,  
Maidens in red and green  
    Smiling grotesquely.

Haply beyond the seas,  
Under the bamboo trees,  
Some jaunty Japanese  
    Damsel possessed it ;  
Haply her lover, too,  
When there were none to view  
(Lovers quite often do !),  
    Kissed and caressed it.

Now 'tis Jeannette's, and she  
Waves it so witchingly  
Whene'er she strays with me  
    Down through the meadow,  
That all my pulses stir,  
Thinking of it and her ;  
*Hang it ! I wish it were*  
    *Back there in Yeddo !*

*"With Reed and Lyre."*

CLINTON SCOLLARD.



## DA CAPO.

Short and sweet, and we've come to the end of it—  
Our poor little love lying cold ;  
Shall no sonnet, then, ever be penned of it ?  
Nor the joys and pains of it told ?  
How fair was its face in the morning ;  
How close its caresses at noon ;  
How its evening grew chill without warning,  
Unpleasantly soon !

I can't say just how we began it—  
In a blush, or a smile, or a sigh ;  
Fate took but an instant to plan it ;  
It needs but a moment to die.  
Yet—remember that first conversation,  
When the flowers you had dropped at your feet  
I restored. The familiar quotation  
Was—"Sweets to the sweet."

Oh, their delicate perfume has haunted  
My senses a whole season through ;  
If there *was* one soft charm that you wanted,  
The violets lent it to you.  
I whispered you, life was but lonely :  
A cue which you graciously took ;  
And your eyes learned a look for me only—  
A very nice look.

And sometimes your hand would touch *my* hand,  
With a sweetly particular touch ;  
You said many things in a sigh, and  
Made a look express wondrously much.  
We smiled for the mere sake of smiling,  
And laughed for no reason but fun ;  
Irrational joys, but beguiling—  
And all that is done !

We were idle, and played for a moment  
At a game that now neither will press ;  
I cared not to find out what "No" meant,  
Nor your lips to grow yielding with "Yes."  
Love is done with, and dead ; if there lingers  
A faint and indefinite ghost,  
It is laid with this kiss on your fingers—  
A jest at the most.

'Tis a commonplace, stale situation,  
Now the curtain comes down from above  
On the end of our little flirtation— .  
A travesty romance ; for Love,  
If he climbed in disguise to your lattice,  
Fell dead of the first kisses' pain !  
But one thing is left us now ; that is—  
Begin it again.

*"Airs from Arcady."*

H. C. BUNNER.

## AN ENCORE.

Perhaps it was the yellow moon,  
Perhaps it was the buds in bloom  
Upon her breast that night,  
That made me dare to stoop and press  
Upon her lips' soft loveliness  
A kiss—ah, rare delight!

I trembled afterwards with fear  
At my audacity. "Oh dear,  
Forgive me," quick I said;  
"I know I've hurt your feelings, sweet."  
Her injured glance I dared not meet,  
But walked with downcast head.

So through the shadowy lane that night  
We passed in silence, while the light  
Fell in a silvery calm,  
And drowsily the summer breeze  
Swept o'er the showy clover seas,  
And filled the air with balm.

When at the gate, I coldly said,  
"Good-night;" she raised her graceful head,  
And soft I heard her say:  
"Dear, you might—you might—(trembling then)  
Just hurt my feelings once again  
Before you go away."

ERNEST DE LANCEY PIERSON.

CANDOR.

(OCTOBER.—A WOOD.)

"I know what you are going to say," she said ;  
And she stood up, looking uncommonly tall.  
"You are going to speak of the hectic Fall,  
And say you're sorry the summer's dead,  
And no other summer was like it, you know,  
And can I imagine what made it so.  
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you are going to say," she said ;  
"You are going to ask if I forget  
That day in June when the woods were wet,  
And you carried me"—here she dropped her head—  
"Over the creek ; you are going to say,  
Do I remember that horrid day.  
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said ;  
"You are going to say that since that time  
You have rather tended to run in rhyme,  
And"—her clear glance fell, and her cheek grew red—  
"And have I noticed your tone was queer?  
Why, everybody has seen it here!  
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," I said ;  
"You're going to say you've been much annoyed,  
And I'm short of tact—you will say devoid—  
And I'm clumsy and awkward, and call me Ted,  
And I bear abuse like a dear old lamb,  
And you'll have me, anyway, just as I am.  
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Ye-es," she said.

*"Airs from Arcady."*

H. C. BUNNER.

## BALLADE OF REJECTED MS.

I've "submitted" my verse and my prose  
To the editor's reading machines,  
Yet my name's unfamiliar to those  
Who subscribe for the best magazines.  
I began to write verse in my teens,  
By the light of sweet Erato's face ;  
Now what is it the editor means  
By "We're sorry we haven't the space" ?

Here are madrigals written to Rose—  
'Tis to Rose that my preference leans ;  
Here are triolets, rondels, rondeaux,  
And the charms they portray our *Fifines* ;  
Here's a plea for our gallant marines—  
'Twas the Admiral "stated the case" ;  
Pray what is it the editor means  
By "We're sorry we haven't the space" ?

Here are tales quite as ghastly as Poe's,  
And weird legends ;—the "limit" still screens  
*All* I fain to the world would disclose,  
So I clasp my portfolio's shagreens ;  
But just here a grim thought supervenes—  
*Does my "style" lack acceptable grace ?*  
And is *that* what the editor means  
By "We're sorry we haven't the space" ?

### ENVOY.

Friend—for you're at the back of the scenes—  
Does my Pegasus halt in his pace ?  
Can *you* tell what the editor means  
By "We're sorry we haven't the space" ?

"*The Century.*"

ANDREW HUSSEY ALLEN.

## BALLADE OF THE SHEPHERDESS.

(IRREGULAR.)

In the dazzling blue and white of the tiles,  
As a mirror my dear love's face I spy ;  
From the mantel tree she looks down and smiles,  
While my heart goes up in an answering sigh.  
It's I am so lowly, and she is so high ;  
My bashful hope how could I confess,  
But an English pug, and yet dare to cry  
For the love of a china shepherdess ?

She leans on the crook—oh, her winning wiles !  
From my mistress' lap, where I idly lie,  
I watch, and I wish there were miles and miles  
(While my heart goes up in an answering sigh)  
'Twixt her and that boy with the butterfly.  
So pretty is he in his peasant dress,  
And so plain beside him, how should I try  
For the love of a china shepherdess ?

There's an Angora cat my bark reviles,  
Did I love, mayhap she would make reply ;  
But no ! to the mantel tree's dim defiles  
(While my heart goes up in an answering sigh)  
All possible bliss must pass me by,  
And no one shall ever the secret guess :  
An unlucky dog is in misery  
For love of a china shepherdess.

### L'ENVOY.

Ah, many a wight of more wit than I  
Is dying to live and living to die—  
Would give up his heart and his soul—no less  
For love of a china shepherdess !

*"Society Verse."*

RUTH HALL.

## HER LITTLE GAME.

She gave to me a pink, pink rose,  
And smiled upon me sweetly ;  
Coquettishly she bade me pose,  
Then decked me with it neatly.  
A jaunty air I bravely tried ;  
But—woe is me—how vainly !  
I sought to look quite dignified,  
Yet knew I smiled inanely.

What though she gave to me the rose,  
As 'twere an off'ring votive,  
I understand—she little knows—  
Her subtle, scheming motive.  
She is a *prima donna* sly ;  
Her speech all learned by rote is.  
A critic for the press am I ;—  
She's working for a notice.

“*America.*”

H. B. S.

## AN AUTOGRAPH.

Her lily hand these pages traced  
With violet ink and pen of gold ;  
Here is her name, all interlaced  
With flourishes by her enscribed.  
I heard her sing ; my heart was won.  
Pray at my folly do not laugh.  
Now ardently I gaze upon  
A *prima donna's* autograph.

This is no scented *billet doux*,  
With odor like a jasmine sweet,  
Containing tender words and true  
To make my heart the faster beat.  
If such a thought you have imbibed,  
Pray bid the foolish fancy slope—  
Her autograph is here inscribed  
To recommend a bar of soap.

“*America.*”



## A COLONIAL MISSIVE.

By Dorothy in Cambridge town  
This letter quaint was written,  
To some young chap in cap and gown,  
Whose happy heart was smitten,  
Long years ago, when stately dames  
Were puffed and powdered Madams,  
And these were frequent college names,—  
Ware, Eliot, and Adams.

The college yard was larger then,—  
The roll of students only  
Could muster up a hundred men—  
Think, now-a-days, how lonely!  
Yet almost every one of those  
Who won an A.B. honor  
Has left a name whose glory throws  
The laurels thick upon her.—

Dear Havard! It is hard to sing  
Of this un-Annexed maiden  
Without forgetting everything  
Save you. My mind is laden  
With memories of by-gone days,  
When I was wont to travel  
To lectures and the triumph blaze  
Across the paths of gravel.

Just how this lad and lassie looked,  
Or what was his or her name—  
Her easy running quill ne'er crooked  
The semblance of a surname,—  
It matters not. I like to think  
I see her in the creamy  
Old paper 'twixt the lines of ink,—  
A face refined and dreamy.

I picture her in homespun dress,  
Each small foot in a sandal,  
Her features, full of tenderness,  
Illumined by a candle,  
Her quill, a feather slim and white  
Above the square of paper,  
The hand that guides it left or right  
Small, and the fingers taper.

Those were the days of waxen seals,  
And "f"-ish-looking "s"-es,  
Of high-heeled boots, and spinning-wheels  
On which they spun their dresses;  
And in this missive one may find  
Such candor in a sentence,  
'Twould bring, if one were half inclined,  
A sinner to repentance.

'Tis faded somewhat since it felt  
Her fingers smooth its features,  
And with it Father Time has dealt  
As with us human creatures;  
A wrinkle wreathes its inky smile,  
And hides the comma-dimple,  
And makes it seem severe in style  
Which is severely simple.

Ah, Cambridge Dorothy, I know  
As long as you were living—  
A rose-face framed in locks of snow,—  
His love had no misgiving;  
And this love-letter which you penned,—  
Fast deepening to yellow,  
Seems thus to whisper: *Like me, Friend,*  
*Let love make thy life mellow!*

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

*"Madrigals and Catches."*

AN OLD RONDO.

Her scuttle Hatt is wondrous wide,  
All furrie, too, on every side ;  
    Soe out She trippeth daintylie,  
    To lett ye Youth full well to see  
How fayre ye mayde is for ye Bryde.

A lyttle puffed, maybe, bye Pryde,  
She yet soe lovelye is that I'd  
    A Shillynge give to tye, perdie,  
    Her scuttle Hatt.

Ye Coales into ye Scuttle slide ;  
Soe in her Hatt would I, and hide  
    To steale some kisses—two or three ;  
    But synce She never asketh me,  
Ye scornful Cynick doth deride  
    Her scuttle Hatt !

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

*" Madrigals and Catches."*

## MY AUTOGRAPH.

My autograph she begged the night  
When first her beauty filled my sight ;  
    “Not just your name, you know,” quoth she,  
    “ But something nice beside ; maybe  
A poem, or a maxim trite.”

I yielded to the witching light  
Of her soft eyes, and did indite,  
    Entwined with flowers of poesy,  
    My autograph.

She perches on my knee to-night,  
And in her eyes, so clear and bright,  
    The old light dwells—ah, woe is me !  
    My check-book in her hand I see ;  
And once again she begs me write  
    My autograph.

*“America.”*

CLARENCE H. PEARSON

## A LESSON IN MYTHOLOGY.

I read to her one summer's day  
A little mythologic story  
About the maid who laughed at love,  
And ran a race for love and glory.

I closed the book. She raised her eyes,  
And hushed the song she had been humming ;  
Glancing across the shady lawn,  
I saw my wealthy rival coming.

" These ancient tales," I gravely said,  
" With meaning wise are often laden ;  
And Atalanta well may stand  
As type of many a modern maiden.

" Minus, of course, the classic scandal,  
But with no less of nimble grace,  
How many dainty, slippered feet  
Are running down the self-same race.

" And when Hippomenes casts down  
His golden apples, is there ever  
A chance for Love to reach the goal ?"  
With saucy smile she answered, " Never."

I rose to go ;—she took my hand  
(O Fate, you ne'er that clasp can sever !),  
And " Stay," she said, with sudden blush ;  
" You *knew* that I meant—*hardly* ever."

E. C. HALL.

## THE OLD HANSOM CAB.

(SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A SOCIETY VERSE-  
MAKER OF THE NEXT CENTURY.)

It stands in the stable all covered with dust ;  
Its tires and its shafts are surmounted by rust.  
What tales it could tell if it only would blab,  
What long-ago legends, that old hansom cab.

Perhaps in the good old Victorian days  
Some maiden, who now would seem quaint to our gaze,  
Rode out to do "shopping"—a dainty Queen Mab,  
And flirted a bit from that old hansom cab.

Perhaps, when the waiters and beaux dressed the same,  
And cavaliers' collars were lofty in aim,  
Some dashing young swain his high hat used to grab  
To "bow" to his fair from that old hansom cab.

Perhaps some young clerk who could stand no *coupé*  
Once rode with his sweetheart in this to "the play";  
Perchance, too, the opportune moment he'd nab  
To "spoon"—and be foiled—in that old hansom cab.

The drivers, we're told, were a slow-going race,  
Who drove the poor folk at a wearisome pace ;  
They seemed to retard, to go back like a crab,  
Who ventured to ride in an old hansom cab.

So brush off the dust from the rickety frame ;  
'Tis ruined, alack ! but we may be the same.  
A fresh coat of paint we will tastefully dab  
For sake of old times on that old hansom cab.

"*America.*"

## AN AFTERTHOUGHT.

'Twas in the garden, chatting,  
Amid the mignonette,—  
She with her snowy tatting,  
I with my cigarette.  
I still can see her fingers  
Flit softly in and out ;  
With rapture memory lingers  
To view her lips a-pout.

A happy sunbeam glancing  
Upon a wayward curl  
Set every pulse to dancing,  
And turned my brain a-whirl ;  
And when she looked so shyly,  
I could not help, you see,  
But stoop and kiss her slyly,  
Behind the apple-tree.

Strange that some mote forever  
Should mar the rays of bliss !  
Though conscious I had never  
Yet won so sweet a kiss,  
Alas ! the act of plunder  
So gracefully she bore,  
I could not choose but wonder,  
Had she been kissed before ?

*“ Cap and Bells.”*

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

## CANDIED VIOLETS.

O violet, sweet violet,  
The bards have sung about you,  
And all the poets would regret  
Who had to do without you.  
They've sought you in the forest glade,  
And sung of you unbidden,  
When deep in the sequestered shade  
They found you coyly hidden.

O violet, you bring delight  
In heralding the May-time ;  
The fairies dance 'round you at night,  
The children in the daytime.  
Where careless mortals scarce can see  
Your dewy face you cover ;  
For azure eyes a simile  
You furnish every lover.

O violet, sweet violet,  
So dainty and so modest,  
Concerning you now etiquette  
Prescribes a style the oddest :  
The blossom that the poets wooed  
Is candied now, to munch on,  
Is manufactured into food,  
And passed around at luncheon.

*"America."*



## OLD PHOTOGRAPHS.

Old lady, put your glasses on,  
With polished lenses, mounting golden,  
And once again look slowly through  
The album olden.

How the old portraits take you back  
To friends who once would 'round you gather;  
All scattered now, like frosted leaves  
In blustering weather.

Why, who is this, the bright coquette,  
Her eyes with Love's bright arrows laden?  
"Poor Nell, she's living single yet,  
An ancient maiden."

And this, the fragile poetess,  
Whose high soul-yearnings nought can smother?  
"She's stouter far than I am now—  
A kind grandmother."

Who is this girl with flowing curls,  
Who on the golden future muses?  
"What splendid hair she had!—and now  
A 'front' she uses."

And this? "Why, if it's not my own!  
And did I really e'er resemble  
That bright young creature? Take the book;  
My old hands tremble.

"It seems that only yesterday  
We all were young. Ah! how time passes!"  
Old lady, put the album down,  
And wipe your glasses.

*"Point Lace and Diamonds."*      GEORGE A. BAKER.

## A SPANISH CIGARETTE.

Nita, come, roll me a cigarette,  
Just as you used to long ago  
In the far, sweet days when first I met  
My dark-eyed fate in New Mexico.

Do *you* remember those days, Chiquite,  
(Here is a husk) and the stranger pale  
Your father's herders brought to your feet,  
Dripping with red, from the Dead Man's Trail?

(Now just a pinch of the *tamayá*—  
How it flavors the poorest weed!  
A coal for the lighting—good! *Alli 'sta !*)  
Ah, youth it is that is life indeed!

And how you won him to life again,  
Bending over with infinite eyes,  
Lisping the tongue of your sunny Spain,  
Fanning his forehead with softest sighs?

Deeper a hurt in his heart there lay  
Than where the Apache arrows pried—  
'Twas a fair-haired playmate, far away,  
With blue eyes traitors and lips that lied!

. . . . .

I had a letter from *her* to-night—  
"John, I was wrong! 'Twas a girl's mistake!  
And time has humbled my heart to write:  
Oh, love! come back, for our old love's sake!"

Go? Do you *think* I would go, *mi flor*?  
With love like yours shall I hoard regret?  
And our barefoot babes around the door?  
No! Then a kiss and—a cigarette!

"America."

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

## POETRY AND THE POET.

**A SONNET.**

*(Found in the poet's desk.)*

Weary, I open wide the antique pane,  
I ope to the air  
I ope to  
I open to the air the antique pane,  
And gaze { beyond } the thrift-sown fields of wheat  
         { across         }  
        [commonplace ?],  
A shimmering green in breezes born of heat ;  
And lo !  
And high  
And my soul's eyes behold { a ? } billowy main,  
                                    { the }  
Whose further shore is Greece strain again vain

[Arcadia—mythological allusion. *Mém.* : Lempriere].  
I see thee, Atalanta, vestal fleet ;  
And look ! with doves low-fluttering round her feet,  
Comes Venus through the golden { fields of } grain.  
  { bowing }

*(Heard by the poet's neighbour.)*

**Venus be bothered—it's Virginia Dix!**

*(Found on the poet's door.)*

*Out on important business—back at 6.*

*"Airs from Arcady."*

**H. C. BUNNER.**

## THE V-A-S-E.

From the madding crowd they stand apart—  
The maidens four and the Work of Art.

And none might tell, from sight alone,  
In which had culture ripest grown.

The Gotham million, fair to see,  
The Philadelphia pedigree,

The Boston mind of azure hue,  
Or the soulful soul from Kalamazoo ;

For they all loved Art in a seemly way,  
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

Long they worshipped, but no one broke  
The sacred stillness, until one spoke—

The Western one from the nameless place,  
Who, blushing, said : " What a lovely vase ! "

Over three faces a sad smile flew,  
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred  
To crush the stranger with one small word.

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,  
She cries : " 'Tis indeed a lovely vase ! "

But brief her unworthy triumph when  
The lofty one from the home of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas,  
Exclaims : " It is quite a lovely vass ! "

And glances round with an anxious thrill,  
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee,  
And gently murmurs : " Oh, pardon me,

I did not catch your remark, because  
I was so entranced with the charming vaws ! "

*Dies erit prægelida  
Sinistra quum Bostonia.*

" *Songs and Satires.* "

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

## JUST MY LUCK.

At twenty I was pledged to wed  
Matilda, but we parted ;  
The reason, if I've not forgot,  
Was she was pious, I was not.  
No trifier should have her, she said ;  
And left me broken-hearted.

At five-and-twenty I adored  
Amelia, and she left me ;  
If I remember, I was told  
I had too small a share of gold.  
My grief when she my ring restored  
Well-nigh of life bereft me.

At thirty I was over-fond  
Of Grace, a lovely creature ;  
She thought me arbitrary, set ;  
Too staid for such a merry pet :  
I made no sign, I think, beyond  
Some ruefulness of feature.

I'm forty. All are to be had,  
Unless their looks belie them ;  
I could have either ; but, alack !  
I'm pledged to Jane ; she'll not go back  
On me, not she ! And so, egad,  
I'll have no chance to try them.

*"Life."*

WALTER CLARKE.

## TO MATILDA AT THIRTY.

Mr. Blank, I agree, can't allure you ;  
He's bald as the palm of your hand,—  
His years—forty-one, I assure you ;  
His figure—inclined to expand.  
Time was when such lovers you might have rejected !  
Time is, when you'll take him, or linger dejected !

His prosing, no doubt, will perplex you ;  
His love for the poets is *nil* ;  
He'll seem to live only to vex you,  
When once he recovers his will.  
No spark of the hero in his composition ;  
But get him—be thankful—and bless your condition !

At breakfast he's sure to be surly ;  
Thus heroes are, too, I am told.  
Converse not when forced to rise early !  
(N.B.—He won't eat mutton cold).  
Rococo and rare are the oaths that he uses—  
Consider his coffee, and cut the nine muses.

And when, his brief idyl well over,  
Your evenings you have to yourself,  
You'll say as you sit there in clover :—  
“ Alone, yes ; but not on the shelf ! ”  
Good fish in the sea—we have all of us seen them—  
But few fish that bite, and a long way between them.

“ *Life.* ”

T. R. SULLIVAN.

## THOUGHTS ON THE COMMANDMENTS.

Love your neighbour as yourself,  
So the parson preaches ;  
That's one half the Decalogue,  
So the prayer-book teaches.  
Half my duty I can do  
With but little labour,  
For with all my heart and soul  
I do love my neighbour.

Mighty little credit, then,  
To my self-denial ;  
Not to love her, though, might be  
Something of a trial.  
Why, the rosy light that peeps  
Through the glass above her  
Lingers round her lips : you see  
E'en the sunbeams love her.

So to make my merit more,  
I'll go beyond the letter ;  
Love my neighbour as myself?  
Yes, and ten times better.  
For she's sweeter than the breath  
Of the Spring, that passes  
Through the fragrant, budding woods,  
O'er the meadow grasses.

And I've preached the word, I know,  
For it was my duty  
To convert the stubborn heart  
Of the little beauty.  
Once again success has crowned  
Missionary labour,  
For her sweet eyes own that she  
Also loves her neighbour.

*"Point Lace and Diamonds."*

GEO. A. BAKER.

## LAST JULY.

She's barely twenty, and her eyes  
Are very soft and very blue ;  
Her lips seem made for sweet replies,—  
Perhaps they're made for kisses, too ;  
Her little teeth are white as pearl ;  
Her nose aspires to the sky ;  
She really is a charming girl,  
And I adored her—last July.

We danced, and swam, and bowled, and walked ;  
She let me squeeze her finger-tips ;  
Entranced I listened when she talked,  
And trash seemed wisdom from her lips.  
I sent her roses till my purse  
Was drained, I found, completely dry ;  
I longed to sing her charms in verse—  
But all of this was last July.

Of course, at last we had to part ;  
I saw a tear-drop on her cheek ;  
I left her with an aching heart,  
And dreamt about her—for a week.  
But out of sight is out of mind,  
And somehow, as the time went by,  
Much fainter I began to find  
The memory of that last July.

July has come again at last ;  
With summer gowns the rocks are gay ;  
It seemed an echo of the past  
To meet her on the rocks to-day.  
She's even fairer than of yore,  
And—yet I could not tell you why—  
I find the girl an awful bore—  
So long it is since last July.

*"The Century."*

SOPHIE ST. G. LAWRENCE.



## ACCOUNTED FOR.

Dear Jess, it seems quite strange to me  
    (Does it seem strange to you?),  
When we together used to be,  
    We both were twenty-two.

But now we meet (can it be true?  
    I think it o'er and o'er!),  
I've past my forty-first, and you  
    Are only thirty-four.

I do not know, I do not care,  
    How fortune favors you ;  
You look as young as when you were  
    My dear at twenty-two.

But this I'd like to know, dear Jess  
    (For so it now appears),  
Why you in age than me are less  
    By more than seven years?

The matron drooped her deep-lashed eyes,  
    And, as she held him fast,  
She answered, 'twixt her long-drawn sighs :  
    " You know men live so fast !"

" *Sun.*"

## DECEPTION.

It took just a day to discover  
That all my precautions were *nil* ;  
I loved her—ah ! how I did love her—  
And, I must confess, love her still.

As we walked where the moon lit the woolly  
White back of each incoming wave,  
She seemed to reciprocate fully  
The tender affection I gave.

We parted. Last week she was married ;  
The wedding was private and “nice” ;  
On leaving, the couple were harried  
With slippers and handfuls of rice.

And now she is back in the city,  
Installed in the coziest home,  
With a husband who thinks it a pity  
An hour from his “precious” to roam.

And *I*—well, I count myself lucky,  
And need no consoling, for she—  
The dear little darling, the “ducky”—  
Was good enough to—marry *me*.

*“Hallo my Fancy !”*

C. H. LÜDERS.

## THE SEA.

She was rich, and of high degree ;  
A poor and unknown artist he.  
"Paint me," she said, "a view of the sea."

So he painted the sea as it looked the day  
That Aphrodite arose from its spray ;  
And it broke, as she gazed on its face the while,  
Into its countless-dimpled smile.  
"What a poky, stupid picture," said she ;  
"I don't believe he *can* paint the sea !"

Then he painted a raging, tossing sea  
Storming, with fierce and sudden shock,  
Wild cries, and writhing tongues of foam,  
A towering, mighty fastness-rock.  
In its sides, above their leaping crests,  
The thronging sea-birds built their nests.  
"What a disagreeable daub," said she ;  
"Why, it isn't anything like the sea !"

Then he painted a stretch of hot, brown sand,  
With a big hotel on either hand,  
And a handsome pavilion for the band ;  
Not a sign of the water to be seen,  
Except one faint, little strip of green.  
"What a perfectly exquisite picture," said she ;  
"It's the very *image* of the sea !"

"*The Century.*"

EVA L. OGDEN.

## A VALENTINE.

There is a little maid  
Of whom I'm much afraid—  
    Shall I confess it?  
She wears a sealskin coat;  
Its grace and shape I note,  
    And needs must bless it.

She wears a little bonnet;  
A bird that's perched upon it  
    To fly seems ready.  
My heart, not over bold,  
When her I do behold,  
    Goes quite unsteady.

She has a little muff,  
In which from breezes rough  
    Her hands find shelter.  
My wits, when her I see,  
Clad all so daintily,  
    Fly helter-skelter.

Who is this little maid  
Of whom I'm so afraid?  
    Dare I reveal it?  
This little maid is she  
Whose eyes these verses see;  
    I can't conceal it.

But if she would divine  
I'd be her valentine,  
    As here I sing it,  
I'll dare to hope she may  
Be surely mine some day.—  
    Sweet skies, soon bring it.

*"Poet-Laureate Idylls."*

OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

## BALLADE OF THE BALCONY.

HE.

Cheeks that are *shirato* white,  
Eyes that are deep *nankin* blue,  
Heart that, I fear me, is quite  
Hardened as porcelain, too.

SHE.

Antique, of course, and a fright !  
Porcelain never is new.

HE.

I know this passionless sprite,  
Sweet Miss Thalia ; do you ?  
Fickle as May—

SHE.

And as bright ?

HE.

Dances each night until two,  
Flirts on the lake by moonlight.

SHE.

Someone must row the canoe.  
Ah, lovely empress of night !  
Maidens must worship thee—

HE.

Pooh !

I hardly think this is right,  
Sweet Miss Thalia ; do you ?

SHE.

But, if it give her delight?  
Lovers are sadly too few.

HE.

Yet, if she loved a poor wight,  
One, I should fancy, would do.

SHE.

Yes; but is not the bold knight  
Sometimes a laggard to woo?

HE.

Think you she loves him a mite,  
Sweet Miss Thalia; do you?

L'ENVOY.

SHE.

Pray, sir! your arms are too tight!

HE.

Knights kissed their lady-loves true.

SHE.

Then I think—mayhap—you—might—

HE.

Sweet Miss Thalia, do you?

*"Society Verse."*

H. C. FAULKNER.

## BETWEEN THE LINES.

"*Dear Mr. Brown*"—I know she meant  
"Dear Jack"; that D with sentiment  
Is overweighted.  
Shy little love! she did not dare ;  
That flutter in the M shows where  
She hesitated.

The darling girl! what loving heed  
She gives the strokes ; it does not need  
Great penetration  
To note the lingering, trusting touch ;  
As if to write to me were such  
A consolation.

"*The flowers came ; so kind of you.*  
*A thousand thanks !*" Oh, fie! Miss Prue,  
The line betrays you :  
You know just there you sent a kiss ;  
You meant that blot to tell me this,  
And it obeys you.

"*They gave me such a happy day ;*  
*I love them so.*" She meant to say,  
"Because you sent them."  
But then, you see, the page is small ;  
She wrote in haste—the words,—and all,—  
I know she *meant* them.

"*At night I kept them near me, too,  
And dreamt of them ;*" she wrote, "and you,"

But would erase it.

Did she but have one tender thought,  
That perished with the blush it brought,  
My love would trace it.

"*This morning all the buds have blown.*"

That flourish surely is "Your own";

'Tis written queerly ;

She meant it so. Ah, useless task  
To hide your love 'neath such a mask  
As that "Sincerely."

"*Prudence.*" Those tender words confess  
As much to me as a caress ;

And, Prue, you know it.

But then, to tease me, you must add  
Your other name, although you had  
Scarce space to do it.

A dash prolonged across the sheet  
To close the note?—the little cheat,—

No. When she penned it

She meant its quavering length to say  
That she could write to me for aye,  
And never end it.

Prue! Love is like the flame that glows  
Unseen, till, lightly fanned, it grows

Too fierce to quell it.

And mine! Ah, mine is unconfessed ;  
But now—that dash and all the rest,—  
I'll have to tell it.

"*Society Verse.*"

H. C. FAULKNER.



TO A JAPANESE BABY.

You dwell in a dove-cote, where tinkle  
The ornaments hung from the eaves,  
Strange trees shade it ; blossoms besprinkle  
The dark, plummy leaves.

Tea-garden and temple and fountain  
From out the wide window you view ;  
And yonder, the snow-crested mountain  
High up in the blue.

On bending your baby-eyes nearer,  
Where slumbers the still-watered moat,  
You watch, like rose leaves on a mirror,  
The lotos blooms float.

Your face is as brown as a berry,  
In outline as round as a rose ;  
Black slits of eyes, wakefully merry,  
Slant down to your nose.

Your head, like a friar's, is shaven—  
How droll ! not a hair can one find,  
Except the tuft, black as a raven,  
That's twisted behind.

Around your form airily flutter  
Fantastic and bright-colored " things " ;  
You look like a gorgeous, rare butter-  
Fly resting its wings.

You've soft mats to romp on and tumble ;  
Of furniture, though, there's not much ;  
No breakage, to make grown folks grumble ;  
No caution, "Don't touch!"

Your world is so simple and sunny,  
So pleasant and quaint to the eye,  
No wonder your plump face grows funny,  
But never can cry.

We love you, Babe Bric-à-brac, dearly,  
Though ne'er have we been to Japan ;  
We know your wee dimpled face—merely  
Through this painted fan.

*"Society Verse."*

HENRY TYRRELL.

## UNANSWERED.

O, Japanese bird on the gilded screen,  
With your legs at an angle wide,  
With your wings outspread and your head between,  
And your neck in a bow-knot tied,  
If you only could speak  
With your yellowish beak,  
What secrets would you confide?

O tell me, my friend, as you've screened the face  
Of your dear little mistress, Rose—  
With her clear blue eyes, and her dainty grace—  
Who blooms as her namesake blows,  
Have you heard lovers sigh  
(As, for instance, did I)?  
Have you heard them, perhaps, propose?

Have you known them to swear that they held her dear  
(You remember 'twas that I swore)?  
Have they stammered and trembled 'twixt hope and fear  
(I wished I could sink through the floor)?  
And the answers you've heard,  
Tell me, beautiful bird;  
Has she ever said "yes"—before?

Has she ever, by chance, dropped the slightest hint  
That she liked me a little mite?  
Have you noticed her cheek take a deeper tint  
When I happened to come in sight?  
What! nothing to say?  
Well, she'll tell me—some day;  
I'll forgive you, old fellow. Good-night!

*"Hallo my Fancy!"*

S. D. S., JUN.

## THE GAME OF CHESS.

'Twas stinging, blustering, winter weather ;  
How well I recollect the night !  
When Kate and I played chess together.  
Her beauty in the hearth-fire's light  
Seemed more Madonna-like and rosy ;  
The hours were swift, the room was cozy,  
The windows frosted silvery white.

Even now I see that grave face resting  
Upon the hand, so white and small ;  
I see that mystic grace, suggesting  
A painter's dream ; I oft recall  
Her glance, now anxious, gay, or tender ;  
The girlish form, complete yet slender,  
In silhouette against the wall.

It was not strange that I was mated,  
For 'twas my fondly cherished aim ;  
I longed to speak, but I was fated ;  
The rightful opening never came.  
I pawned my heart for her sweet favor,  
With every look some vantage gave her,  
And so, alas ! I lost the game.

Since then, by fortune, love, forsaken,  
Through checkered years I've passed, and seen  
My castles fall, my pawns all taken,  
My spotless knights prove traitors mean ;  
And worn with many a check, I wander,  
Like the poor vanquished king, and ponder  
With sadness on my long-lost queen.

DAVID S. FOSTER.

*"The Romance of the Unexpected."*

## TANTALUS.

He discourses on astronomy with very best intention,  
And discloses many matters I've not previously known;  
But, for some especial reasons I'm not inclined to mention,  
I should much prefer the garden with Matilda all alone.

It is well, of course, to know about these subjects; the propriety  
Of telling which is Saturn and the distance to the moon  
Is obvious; it gives a certain standing in society—  
But, somehow, on this evening I've a great desire to spoon.

The balmy air is odourous with perfume of the flowers,  
And the moonlight on the terrace is most beautiful to see;  
But professor is excited, and I know he'll talk for hours,  
While Matilda's in the garden, I suppose, expecting me.

O moon! O stars! O Milky-way! I care not for your density;  
Your perigee and apogee possess no charms for me:  
Look down, look down in pity from your silent, vast immensity,  
And I'll study you more fully when I've grandsons on my knee.

*"Life."*

## AFTER THE BALL.

Oh, little glove, do I but dream I hold thee,  
So warm, so sweet, and tawny as her hair?  
Nay! from her hand to-night I dared unfold thee,  
As we went down the stair.

She said no word ; she did not praise nor blame me ;  
She is so proud—so proud, and cold, and fair!  
Ah! dear, my love, thy silence did not shame me  
As we went down the stair.

The dark eyes flashed ; thy regal robes arrayed thee  
In queenly grace and pride beyond compare ;  
But on thy cheek a sudden red betrayed thee  
As we went down the stair.

O, lady mine, some near night will I prove thee!  
By this soft glove I know that I may dare  
Take thy white hand, and whisper, "Sweet, I love thee,"  
As we go down the stair.

*"Pipes from Prairie Land."*

MINNIE GILMORE.

## TO A CHINESE IDOL.

Once you ruled, a god divine,  
In a sacred, shady shrine,  
Near a river dark as wine,  
    'Mid the trees ;  
And to you the mandarins,  
With their smooth, unshaven chins,  
Prayed absolution from their sins  
    On their knees.

Tiny-footed Chinese maids,  
With their hair in raven braids,  
Sought you in your quiet shades  
    'Neath the boughs ;—  
Haply for a thousand years  
You beheld their smiles and tears,  
Listened to their hopes and fears,  
    And their vows.

Now above her *escritoire*,  
In my lady's pink boudoir,  
Ever dumbly pining for  
    Lost repose,  
You sit stolid day by day,  
With your cheeks so thin and gray,  
Stormy eyes and *retroussé*  
    Little nose.

Where the sunlight glinteth o'er  
Persian rug and polished floor,  
You will frown forevermore,  
    Grim as hate ;  
A divinity cast down,  
Having neither shrine nor crown,  
Once a god, but now a brown  
    Paper-weight !

*"Pictures in Song."*

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

## APPLIED ASTRONOMY.

He took me out to see the stars,  
That astronomic bore ;  
He said there were two moons near Mars,  
While Jupiter had four.

I thought, of course, he'd whisper soon  
What fourfold bliss 'twould be  
To stroll beneath that fourfold moon  
On Jupiter with me.

And when he spoke of Saturn's ring,  
I was convinced he'd say  
That was the very kind of thing  
To offer me some day.

But in a tangent off he went  
To double stars. Now that  
Was most suggestive, so content  
And quite absorbed I sat.

But no, he talked a dreary mess,  
Of which the only fraction  
That caught my fancy, I confess,  
Was "mutual attraction."

I said I thought it very queer,  
And stupid altogether,  
For stars to keep so very near,  
And yet not come together.

At that he smiled and turned his head ;  
I thought he'd caught the notion ;  
He merely bowed good-night, and said,  
Their safety lay in motion.

"*The Century.*"

ESTHER B. TIFFANY.



## THE BALLAD OF CASSANDRA BROWN.

Though I met her in the summer, when one's heart lies  
    round at ease,  
As it were in tennis costume, and a man's not hard to  
    please,  
Yet I think that any season to have met her was to love,  
While her tones, unspoiled, unstudied, had the softness  
    of the dove.

At request she read us poems in a nook among the pines,  
And her artless voice lent music to the least melodious  
    lines ;  
Though she lowered her shadowing lashes, in an earnest  
    reader's wise,  
Yet we caught blue, gracious glimpses of the heavens  
    which were her eyes.

As in paradise I listened. Ah, I did not understand  
That a little cloud, no larger than the average human  
    hand,  
Might, as stated oft in fiction, spread into a sable pall,  
When she said that she should study elocution in the fall !

I admit her earliest efforts were not in the Ercles vein ;  
She began with "Lit-tle Maaybel, with her faayce against  
    the paayne,  
And the beacon-light a-t-r-r-remble"—which, although it  
    made me wince,  
Is a thing of cheerful nature to the things she's rendered  
    since.

Having heard the soulful quiver, she acquired the Melting  
    M-o-o-an,  
And the way she gave "Young Grayhead" would have  
    liquified a stone.  
Then the Sanguinary Tragic did her energies employ,  
And she tore my taste to tatters when she slew "The  
    Polish Boy."

It's not pleasant for a fellow when the jewel of his soul  
Wades through slaughter on the carpet, while her orbs in  
frenzy roll :  
What was I that I should murmur? Yet it gave me  
grievous pain  
That she rose in social gatherings, and Searched among  
the Slain.

I was forced to look upon her, in my desperation dumb,  
Knowing well that when her awful opportunity was come  
She would give us battle, murder, sudden death at very  
least,  
As a skeleton of warning, and a blight upon the feast.

Once, ah! once I fell à-dreaming; some one played a  
polonaise  
I associated strongly with those happier August days;  
And I mused: "I'll speak this evening," recent pangs  
forgotten quite—  
Sudden shrilled a scream of anguish: "Curfew SHALL  
not ring to-night!"

Ah, that sound was as a curfew, quenching rosy, warm  
romance;  
Were it safe to wed a woman one so oft would wish in  
France?  
Oh, as she "cull-imbed" that ladder, swift my mounting  
hope came down.  
I am still a single cynic; she is still Cassandra Brown!

*"Oberon and Puck."*

HELEN GRAY CONE.

## AN ANCESTOR.

In the Knickerbocker days,  
    Long ago,  
When they jogged in gig and chaise  
    To and fro,  
She who smiles in gown brocaded  
From this picture old and faded  
Was a maid whose locks unbraided  
    Shamed the crow.

That she reigned the village belle  
    It was said ;  
No man now, alas ! may tell—  
    All are dead !  
But I know it is no fiction  
That she would not brook restriction ;  
Very dainty was her diction,  
    I have read.

Nobles vainly sighed and sued  
    For her hand,  
Till a dashing gallant who'd  
    Had command  
Of a troop of Continentals  
Won her, in his regimentals,  
Though he'd neither stocks nor rentals  
    In the land.

Then her angry father raged  
In his might,  
Swore the maiden should be caged  
Safe from sight ;  
But one morn he chanced to waken  
To behold her nest forsaken,  
For the wily bird had taken  
Wing at night.

When he found that she had flown  
From his side,  
Sadly thinking of his own  
Buried bride,  
From his harshness he relented,  
Of his cruelty repented,  
Sought his child, and lived contented  
Till he died.

And the one she held most dear  
Soon became  
Through the country far and near  
Known to fame ;  
For his wisdom he was noted ;  
Widely were his sayings quoted ;  
And your servant, most devoted,  
Bears his name !

*"With Reed and Lyre."*

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

## A CIGAR.

7  
Alone I puff soft wreaths of blue,  
That frame a most delightful view ;—  
A little library, with two  
    Together sitting :  
A youth and girl. Upon her knees  
A novel with a hero ; he's  
A ghostly circumstance to these  
    Quaint wraps she's knitting.

The lover holds the worsted, and  
Just touches one fair, pinky hand ;  
How well her bright eyes understand !  
    For soon, unbidden,  
Two scarlet lips began to move  
A conversation in that groove  
Where chosen words quite clearly prove  
    The subject's hidden.

And then the knitting's laid aside ;  
The needle's dropped ; and some sweet guide  
Leads both his hands to haply hide  
    Two others whiter.  
I listen, and a mellow note  
Slips through the rosy, rounded throat ;  
I hear the happy lover quote  
    The novel's writer.

The writer—ah, what kind fates come  
To keep harsh criticism from  
His little book ; perhaps 'tis some  
    Such situation ;—  
A picture similar to this,  
Portraying a brief spell of bliss,  
And punctuated with a kiss—  
    Interrogation.

I see the faces slowly meet,  
And shy, uncertain glances greet ;  
The knitting's fallen to her feet ;  
    And on his shoulder  
Her head in golden glory lies,  
While, fathoming her lovely eyes,  
He reads the tenderest replies,—  
    Love growing bolder.

But while I dream in idleness,  
And wondering whether she will bless  
His hearing with a whispered "yes,"  
    With drooping lashes,  
The picture fades from sight afar,  
As pales at morn a silver star ;  
I seek the light of my cigar,  
    And find but ashes!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

*"Madrigals and Catches."*

**THE WAIL OF THE PERSONALLY  
CONDUCTED.**

Integral were we in our old existence,  
Separate beings, individually ;  
Now are our entities blended, fused, and foundered—  
We are one person.

We are not mortals, we are not celestials,  
We are not birds, the upper ether cleaving ;  
We are a retrogression toward the monad :  
We are Cook's tourists.

All ways we follow him who holds the guide-book ;  
All things we look at with bedazzled optics ;  
Sad are our hearts, because the vulgar rabble  
Call us the Cookies.

Happy the man who by his cheerful fireside  
Says to the partner of his joys and sorrows :—  
" Anna Maria, let us go to-morrow  
Out for an airing."

Him to Manhattan, or the beach of Brighton,  
Gaily he hieth, or if, fate-accursèd,  
Lives he in Boston, still he may betake him  
Daown to Nantasket.

Happy the mortal free and independent,  
Master of the mainspring of his own volition !  
Look on us with the eye of sweet compassion ;  
We are Cook's tourists.

*"Airs from Arcady."*

H. C. BUNNER.

## NINETY-NINE IN THE SHADE.

- for a lodge in a garden of cucumbers!  
○ for an iceberg or two at control!
- for a vale that at mid-day the dew cumbers!  
○ for a pleasure-trip up to the pole!
- for a little one-storey thermometer,  
With nothing but zeroes all ranged in a row!
- for a big double-barrelled hygrometer,  
To measure the moisture that rolls from my brow!
- that this cold world were twenty times colder  
(That irony's red hot it seemeth to me)!
- for a turn of its dreaded cold shoulder!  
○ what a comfort an ague would be!
- for a grotto frost-lined and rill-riven,  
Scooped in the rock under cataract vast!
- for a winter of discontent, even!  
○ for wet blankets judiciously cast!
- for a soda fount spouting up boldly  
From every hot lamp-post against the hot sky!
- for proud maiden to look on me coldly,  
Freezing my soul with a glance of her eye!
- Then, ○ for a draught of a cup of cold pizen!  
And ○ for a through ticket, *viâ* Coldegrave,  
To the banks of the Styx, where a thick shadow lies on  
And deepens the chill of its dark-running wave!

*"Idler and Post."*

ROSSITER JOHNSON.



## OUR DAY AT PISA.

We took the train at Florence, we ;  
The day was warm and pleasant ;  
The town of Pisa would we see,  
No time was like the present.  
Anon we climb'd the Leaning Tower,  
Dropt something down, and sat an hour ;  
And then the grand Baptistry door  
Was swung for us ; and o'er and o'er  
We made its domed rotunda roar,  
To echo back our joking.

We set our pockets jingling, we,  
To make our guide a crony ;  
Saw the Cathedral, paid a fee,  
And ate some macaroni ;  
Then feasted on an outside view  
Of all three buildings, still so new ;  
Then bought, in alabaster wrought,  
Some models of them ; then we sought  
The Campo Santo, where we thought  
About the dead, while smoking.

We took the train at sunset, we ;  
And while we left the station,  
Extoll'd the land : " How much to see !  
How grand this Roman nation !  
Our own, how mean ! No works of art !"  
We meant to sigh, but stopt to start  
And cry, " How home-like ! " o'er and o'er.  
What thrill'd us so ? Alas, it bore  
No hint from art ; we heard once more  
A frog, near by us, croaking.

GEO. L. RAYMOND

## UNDER THE ROSE.

HE (*aside*).

If I should steal a little kiss,  
Oh, would she weep, I wonder?  
I tremble at the thought of bliss—  
If I should steal a little kiss!  
Such pouting lips would never miss  
The dainty bit of plunder;  
If I should steal a little kiss,  
Oh, would she weep, I wonder?

SHE (*aside*).

He longs to steal a kiss of mine;  
He may if he'll return it;  
If I can read the tender sign,  
He longs to steal a kiss of mine.  
"In love and war"—you know the line;  
Why cannot he discern it?  
He longs to steal a kiss of mine;  
He may if he'll return it.

BOTH (*five minutes later*).

A little kiss when no one sees—  
Where is the impropriety?  
How sweet amid the birds and bees  
A little kiss when no one sees;  
Nor is it wrong, the world agrees,  
If taken with sobriety.  
A little kiss when no one sees—  
Where is the impropriety?

"*Cap and Bells.*"

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

## THE STORK'S JEREMIAD.

“One-legged stork, thou standest sad and lonely ;  
A tear, methinks, I notice in thine eye ;  
Oh, tell to me—yes, whisper to me only—  
What is the sorrow that I think I spy ?”

And lo ! from out the meshes of the tidy  
There came a feeble, mournful sort of squeak,  
And, while amazed I opened my eyes wide, he  
Opened his mouth, and thus began to speak :—

“I am so very tired of being artistic ;  
My life is one long, patient, painful ache ;  
I am so wearied of these weird and mystic  
Positions which they force my form to take.

“In crewels, silks, in worsted and in cotton,  
Now black, now white, now grave, now madly gay,  
They’ve worked me ; and one wrong is unforgotten  
They’ve done me most and worst in appliqué.

“Sometimes they plant me ’mid some rushes speary,  
In attitudes no well-bred stork would take,  
Holding one leg up, till I get so weary  
I sometimes think my poor, strained back will break.

“They’ve worked me standing, running, sleeping, flying ;  
Sometimes I’m gazing at a crewel sun ;  
They’ve worked me every way, I think, but dying—  
And oh ! I wish they’d do that and be done !

"I could forgive them all this bitter wronging  
If they would grant one favour which I beg,  
Would gratify but once my soul's deep longing—  
Just to put down my cramped and unused leg.

"Know you of any one with sorrows greater?  
A creature with a life that's more forlorn?  
Hounded for ever by the decorator—  
I wish, I wish I never had been born!"

A silence fell; I gazed; he had subsided.  
I listened vainly; all was dumb and still  
Upon the tidy where the stork resided,  
With upheld leg and red and open bill.

*"Society Verse."*

BESSIE CHANDLER.

## A LITTLE COMEDY.

Is the world the same, do you think, my dear,  
As when we walked by the sea together,  
And the white caps danced and the cliffs rose sheer,  
And we were glad in the autumn weather?

You played at loving that day, my dear—  
How well you told me that tender story—  
And I made answer, with smile and tear,  
While the sky was flushed with the sunset's glory.

Now I shut my eyes, and I see, my dear,  
That far-off path by the surging ocean;  
I shut my eyes, and I seem to hear  
Your voice surmounting the tide's commotion.

It was but a comedy slight, my dear—  
Why should its memory come to vex me?  
Can it be I am longing that you should appear  
And play it again? My thoughts perplex me.

'Tis the sea and the shore that I miss, my dear—  
The sea and the shore, and the sunset's glory;  
Or would these be nothing without you near  
To murmur again that fond, old story?

I know you now but too well, my dear,  
With your heart as light as a wind-blown feather;  
Yet somehow the world seems cold and drear  
Without your acting, this autumn weather.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

*"The Garden of Dreams."*

## A PAINTED FAN.

Roses and butterflies snared on a fan,  
All that is left of a summer gone by ;  
Of swift, bright wings that flashed in the sun,  
And loveliest blossoms that bloomed to die ;

By what subtle spell did you lure them here—  
Fixing a beauty that will not change—  
Roses whose petals never will fall,  
Bright, swift wings that never will range ?

Had you owned but the skill to snare as well  
The swift-winged hours that came and went,  
To prison the words that in music died,  
And fix with a spell the heart's content,

Then had you been of magicians the chief ;  
And loved and lovers should bless your art,  
If you could but have painted the soul of the thing—  
Not the rose alone, but the rose's heart !

Flown are those days with their winged delights,  
As the odour is gone from the summer rose ;  
Yet still, whenever I wave my fan,  
The soft, south wind of memory blows.

*"Swallow-flights."*      LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

## THE MESSAGE OF THE ROSE.

HE.

She gave me a rose at the ball to-night,  
And I—I'm a fool, I suppose,  
For my heart beat high with a vague delight.  
Had she given me more than the rose?

I thought that she had for a little while,  
Till I saw her, fairest of dancers,  
Give another rose, with the same sweet smile,  
To another man in the Lancers.

Well, roses are plenty, and smiles not rare—  
It is really rather audacious  
To grumble because my lady fair  
Is to other men kind and gracious.

Yet who can govern his wayward dreams?  
And my dream, so precious and bright,  
Now foolish, broken, and worthless seems,  
As it fades with her rose to-night!

SHE.

I gave him a rose at the ball to-night,  
A deep-red rose, with a fragrance dim;  
And the warm blood rushed to my cheeks with fright;  
I could not, dared not, look at him.

For the depths of my soul he seemed to scan ;  
His earnest look I could not bear ;  
So I gave a rose to another man—  
Any one else—I did not care.

And yet, spite of all, he has read, I know,  
My message—he could not have missed it ;  
For *his* rose I held to my bosom, so,  
And then to my lips while I kissed it.

“ *Society Verse.* ”

BESSIE CHANDLER.



## THE TENDER HEART.

She gazed upon the burnished brace  
Of plump, ruffed grouse he showed with pride ;  
Angelic grief was in her face ;  
“ How *could* you do it, dear ? ” she sighed.  
“ The poor, pathetic, moveless wings !  
The songs all hushed—oh, cruel shame ! ”  
Said he, “ The partridge never sings. ”  
Said she, “ The sin is quite the same.

“ You men are savage through and through :  
A boy is always bringing in  
Some strings of birds’ eggs, white or blue,  
Or butterfly upon a pin ;  
The angle-worm in anguish dies,  
Impaled, the pretty trout to tease— ”  
“ My own, I fish for trout with flies— ”  
“ Don’t wander from the question, please ! ”

She quoted Burns’s “ Wounded Hare, ”  
And certain burning lines of Blake’s,  
And Ruskin on the fowls of air,  
And Coleridge on the water-snakes ;  
At Emerson’s “ Forbearance ” he  
Began to feel his will benumbed ;  
At Browning’s “ Donald ” utterly  
His soul surrendered and succumbed.

"Oh, gentlest of all gentle girls,"  
He thought, "beneath the blessed sun!"  
He saw her lashes hung with pearls,  
And swore to give away his gun.  
She smiled to find her point was gained,  
And went, with happy parting words  
(He subsequently ascertained),  
To trim her hat with humming-birds.

*"Oberon and Puck."*

HELEN GRAY CONE.

---

TO MY LADY OF BOSTON.

I fear when you die, O my Lady,  
And pass through the heavenly gate,  
When you put on the wings of an angel,  
You will never fly perfectly straight ;  
When you rise on those Heavenly pinions,  
And soar through that kingdom of Love,  
You will show a strange weakness for moving  
In the most select circles above.

*"Life."*

VIR.

## THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE.

Oh! he was a student of mystic lore,  
And she was a soulful girl,  
All nerves and mind, of the cultured kind  
The paragon, pride, and pearl.

They loved with a neo-Concordic love,  
Woofed weirdly with wistful woe ;  
They sat in a glen, remote from men ;  
Their converse was high and low.

“What marvellous words of marvellous love  
Speak marvellous souls like these?”  
I drew me nigh till their faintest sigh  
Was heard with the greatest ease.

“‘Oo’s ’ittle white lammy is ‘oo?’” breathed he ;  
“‘Oors! ‘Oo’s lovey-dovey is ‘oo?’”  
“‘Oors! ‘Oors! Would ‘oo k’y if dovey should die?”  
“No ‘p!—tause ’ittle lammy’d die too.”

How truthful we poets! The “language of Love”  
Is a phrase we employ full oft ;  
But whenever we do, we prefix thereto,  
You’ve noticed, the adjective “soft.”

*“Point Lace and Diamonds.”*

GEORGE A. BAKER.

## EUPID AT COURT.

Young Cupid strung his bow one day,  
And sallied out for sport ;  
As country hearts were easy prey  
Odds Darts, he went to court.

Of all that wore the puff and patch,  
Belinda led the fair ;  
With falbala and fan to match,  
I trow she made him stare !

“Oho !” he cried, and quickly drew  
His bow upon the sly ;  
But though he pierced her bosom through,  
She never breathed a sigh !

This was a turn, beyond a doubt,  
That filled him with amaze ;  
And so he sought his mother out,  
With tear-bewildered gaze.

“You silly boy,” Dame Venus said,  
“Why did you waste your art ?  
Go clip your curls and hide your head,—  
Belinda *has* no heart !”

“*Cap and Bells.*”

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

(IM)MODESTY.

I am a modest little maid,  
Who thinks it more polite  
To bid a man "good-evening"  
Than bid a man "good-night"!  
And if the human members  
Are introduced by him,  
I always call an arm an arm,  
A leg a "lower limb."

I am a modest little maid,  
Who never goes to bed,  
But to my chamber I "retire"  
Most properly instead ;  
And when the chaste Aurora  
Unseals my sleepy eyes,  
The act which some call getting up  
I designate "to rise."

I never speak of feeling sick,  
But say that I am "ill,"  
And being in my dressing-gown  
I style *en deshabille* ;  
In fact, I always hesitate  
To call a spade a spade,  
Because, you see, I try to be  
A modest little maid.

"*Life.*"

ROBERT GRANT.

## BUT NATURAL.

I met her at the beach last year,  
And danced her down a dozen dances ;  
Arrayed in swallow-tail, 'twas clear  
I stood the very best of chances ;  
We lingered on the Promenade,  
And parleyed personal reflections ;  
She even hinted that her Pa'd  
Have no objections.

I own I felt encouraged then  
To rid my heart's prevailing passion,  
So in the manner of all men  
I made love in the modern fashion ;  
I soiled a pair of broad-cloth knees,  
And grew as sentimental as a  
Poor mortal can—in slow degrees—  
On the piazza.

This afternoon upon Broadway  
I passed her, looking sweet as ever ;  
I wore my summer suit of gray ;  
'Tis rather shabby, true—however,  
I raised my hand to touch my hat,  
Responsive to the smile she'd show me ;  
It grieves me sore to mention that  
She didn't know me !

*"Life."*

DEMPY.

## A LOVE SONG.

(WRITTEN 'UNDER DIFFICULTIES.)

O, now for a rhyme that is lyrical,  
Inspired by a vision of you ;  
A wonderful, metrical miracle,  
Performed in a stanza or two.

A song that shall know no impediments  
To frustrate the fling of its feet,  
A song that shall celebrate sediments  
Of sentiments sugary sweet.

Ahem! *Well, your heavenly ocular  
Surpasses the crystalline gem ;  
Your lips have a hint of the jocular  
Expression becoming to them.*

That is all, and it's incomprehensible ;  
I doubt if you know what I mean ;  
However, I think it's as sensible  
As other love poems I've seen.

I'm not very much on emotional  
Productions in verse, you can see,  
But I'm sure I am quite as devotional  
As you would desire me to be.

*"Life."*

IDLE IDYLLER.

## BENEATH THE MISTLETOE.

The viols played their sweetest tune,  
The dancers tripped it to and fro,  
And, whirling in a giddy round,  
We waltzed beneath the mistletoe.

I closer clasped her little hand ;  
She, blushing, bade me let it go.  
"Nay, Nell," I answered, stooping down,  
And kissed her 'neath the mistletoe.

We whirled away without a word,  
Until I whispered, soft and low,  
"Dear Nelly," have you seen my heart ?  
I lost it 'neath the mistletoe.

She laughed a merry little laugh ;  
She quavered yes, she quavered no ;  
And then she said, "We'll go and hunt  
Your heart beneath the mistletoe."

The viols played their sweetest tune,  
The waltzers tripped it to and fro ;  
I lost my heart, but hers I found,  
A-dancing 'neath the mistletoe.

*"The Century."*

JENNIE E. T. DOWE.



## AN OLD TEA-CUP.

Frail, dainty toy, that time so gently saves  
To float unshattered on its wasteful waves,

And reach, through storms of ruin and dismay,  
Hands that uplift thee lovingly to-day,

Good thanks for sparing from oblivion dim  
These painted dames who beam about thy brim !

The lips that touched thee once have lent an art  
To murmur memories through my dreaming heart !

I see rich chambers, draped with pink and gold,  
Where sportive cherubs gleam in gilded mold ;

Where thick on cabinet and on mantel range  
Rare, gaudy Chinese monsters grim and strange ;

Where lights from massive candelabra fall  
On satined prince and scarlet cardinal ;

Where blooming ladies gayly group, arrayed  
In fleecy wig, rouge, patch, and stiff brocade ;

And where the royal Louis, suave and bland,  
Bows low to kiss one jewel-burdened hand ! . . .

Ah me ! those merry courtiers and their King  
No more with mirth make Trianon's alleys ring ;

His plumes no more the sworded gallant airs  
In statued shrubbery and on marble stairs ;

And lovely, laughing ladies move no more  
Down fountained court or sculptured corridor !

And thou, poor cup, art loyal to thy past,  
And sick of change, the cold iconoclast !

But since no longer those dear hours exist,  
Pictured patrician, bright legitimist,

Then, if benignant aid be not in vain  
To soothe the longings of thy lonely pain,

Oh, learn that shortly thou shalt treasured be  
By one whose beauty is so sweet to see ;

Her dazzling charms might thrill with envy pure  
The shapeless dust that once was Pompadour !

*" Fantasy and Passion."*

EDGAR FAWCETT.

## ALACKADAY.

SHE.

I'll pass him by with a distant bow,  
Though it break my heart to do it ;  
I never loved him then, but now  
I would I had never answered no ;  
But pride would not let me tell him so,  
And modesty would rue it.  
No tell-tale blush shall mount my cheek,  
No glance escape my eye ;  
But with throbbing heart that burns to speak  
I'll coldly pass him by.

HE.

I'll pass her by with a careless bow ;  
She'll surely misconstrue it,  
And think that I have forgotten how  
I loved her once, a year ago ;  
She jilted me when I told her so,  
Nor sighed that she must do it.  
And again my fate at her feet I'd seek,  
But her glance is cold and shy.  
I love her still, but I dare not speak ;  
I'll coldly pass her by.

*"Harvard Advocate."*

J. P. HENDERSON.

## AFTER THE COWS.

"High time, high time the cows were home ;  
Will lingerin' Jenny never come ?"  
The father stroked his grizzly head ;  
The mother, slowly sewing, said—  
    "Put one and one together :  
    The bars slip hard in rainy weather."

"Now, mother, do you mean to say  
We've had a drop o' rain to-day ?"  
A little quicker passed the thread,  
As quietly good mother said—  
    "Put one and one together :  
    The cows climb high in sunny weather."

"But busy Brindle with her bell  
(She knows the hour o' milkin' well),  
I've often heerd her half a mile."  
Good mother answered, with a smile—  
    "Put lad and lass together :  
    'Tis love, not cows, in any weather."

*"Thistle-drift."*

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

## A RHYME FOR PRISCILLA.

Dear Priscilla, quaint, and very  
Like a modern Puritan,  
Is a modest, literary,  
Merry young American :  
Horace she has read, and Bion  
Is her favourite in Greek ;  
Shakspeare is a mighty lion,  
In whose den she dares but peek ;  
Him she leaves to some sage Daniel,  
Since of lions she's afraid ;  
She prefers a playful spaniel,  
Such as Herrick or as Praed ;  
And it's not a bit satiric  
To confess her fancy goes  
From the epic to a lyric  
On a rose.

Wise Priscilla, dilettante,  
With a sentimental mind,  
Doesn't deign to dip in Dante,  
And to Milton isn't kind ;  
L'Allegro, Il Penseroso,  
Have some merits, she will grant ;  
All the rest is only so-so—  
Enter Paradise she can't !  
She might make a charming angel  
(And she will if she is good ;  
But it's doubtful if the change'll  
Make the Epic understood).  
Honey-Suckling, like a bee, she  
Goes and pillages his sweets ;  
And it's plain enough to see she  
Worships Keats.

Gay Priscilla,—just the person  
For the Locker whom she loves ;  
What a captivating verse on  
Her neat-fitting gowns or gloves  
He could write, in catching measure,  
Setting all the heart astir !  
And to Aldrich what a pleasure  
It would be to sing of her,—  
He whose perfect songs have won her  
Lips to quote them day by day.  
She repeats the rhymes of Bunner  
In a fascinating way,  
And you'll often find her lost in—  
She has reveries at times—  
Some delightful one of Austin  
Dobson's rhymes.

O Priscilla, sweet Priscilla,  
Writing of you makes me think,  
As I burn my brown Manilla,  
And immortalize my ink,  
How well satisfied these poets  
Ought to be with what they do,  
When, especially, they know it's  
Read by such a girl as you.  
I who sing of you would marry  
Just the kind of girl you are—  
One who doesn't care to carry  
Her poetic taste too far ;  
One whose fancy is a bright one,  
Who is fond of poems fine,  
And appreciates a light one  
Such as mine.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

*"Madrigals and Catches."*

## A MIDSUMMER SONG.

Oh, father's gone to market-town, he was up before the  
day ;

And Jamie's after robins, and the man is making hay,  
And whistling down the hollow goes the boy that minds  
the mill.

“Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn!  
Oh, where's Polly?”

From all the misty morning there comes a summer sound ;  
A murmur as of waters from skies, and trees, and ground ;  
The birds they sing upon the wing, the pigeons bill and  
coo,

And over hill and hollow rings again the loud halloo :

“Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn!  
Oh, where's Polly?”

Above the trees the honey-bees swarm by with buzz and  
boom,

And in the field and garden a thousand blossoms bloom ;  
Within the farmer's meadow a brown-eyed daisy blows,  
And down at the edge of the hollow a red and thorny  
rose.

But Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn!  
Oh, where's Polly?

How strange at such a time of day the mill should stop  
its clatter!

The farmer's wife is listening now, and wonders what's  
the matter ;

Oh, wild the birds are singing in the wood and on the  
hill,

While whistling up the hollow goes the boy that minds  
the mill.

But Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn!  
Oh, where's Polly?

“*Lyrics.*”

R. W. GILDER.

## TO MY BRIC-À-BRAC BROTHERS.

Four-and-twenty tea-bells  
Tinkling little chimes ;  
Just as many poets  
Tinkling little rhymes.

When great bells are silent  
Little ones may ring ;  
When great poets are voiceless,  
Little ones may sing.

Little bells and—brothers—  
(Do not take it ill)—  
All vibration ceases  
Once your tongues are still.

There are tones and voices  
That can never die ;  
I can only think of  
Tennyson and "I!"

Still there may be others  
Of the rhyming gentry  
Who each month slip past some  
Editorial sentry ;

Bound to live—"16mo"—  
So let us agree !  
I'll read all your verses—  
If you sing of me.

*"Vagrom Verses."*

CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

THE END.







# **RETURN TO → CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT** **202 Main Library**

LOAN PERIOD 1	2	3
HOME USE		
4	5	6

**ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS**

1-month loans may be renewed by calling 642-3405  
 6-month loans may be recharged by bringing books to Circulation Desk  
 Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days prior to due date

YA 016C

395707

*white*

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

